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## To Spring.

O Spring! Fair Goddess of the earth and sea,  
We hail thy coming; for thy heralds float  
From every songster of the wood remote,  
And hillside, dale, and rill, so wild and free.  
And I have loved thee, Spring. Thy smile to me  
Seems as a ray of hope when winter dread,  
With all its dreary sounds, by north winds fed,  
Is dying fast; and where its thickest coat  
Was roughly laid, you robe with thy sweet gown.  
Welcome, sweet Goddess, from the south once more,  
With balmy breezes, from that distant shore  
Of the Magnolia; you wake the flowers,  
That long have sweetly slept, with gentle showers,  
And wreath the hill-tops with a blooming crown.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.



## Shakespeare's Influence on the English Language.

IT is not given to every man to be the architect of a language. Most authors can contribute something, a stone or a frieze, that is, a happy phrase or a beautiful image, but to some has fallen the privilege of suggesting the ideal after which all others must work. Such a man is Dante for the Italian, and Shakespeare for the English Language.

When we attempt to estimate Shakespeare's labors in behalf of the English Language and its literature, we are indeed at a loss in determining to what extent he deserves our praise and admiration. But so much is certain: that the English Literature would have sustained an irreparable loss had it not possessed this powerful magician of thought and expression, and exactly at that period when the English tongue needed just such a master-mind to ennoble and uplift it, and to fix its basic elements.

But for Shakespeare the language might have passed through many critical periods of unsettled formation, misled taste and similiar disadvantages, before an age of golden splendor, such as the Elizabethan, would have graced her name. Chaucer was a gifted writer, and to some degree an artist in the domain of letters; Spenser likewise influenced the language and thought of his time to a great degree, but neither of them possessed that God-given power and firm grasp of thought and expression by means of which they could mould the language for all time to come. They were too much under the influence of their time, its traditional faults and prejudices, to rise so far above the conventional forms and usages of the day as to inaugurate a new era of refinement and literary perfection. The greatest obstacle of

all was to be found in the very nature of the people and condition of things as they were throughout England at that period, and precisely at the time, when the state of affairs was so unsettled, seemed to be destined to determine the shape and form English thought should thenceforth assume.

It was a critical and formative period indeed. The language of the court and the high-born was still predominantly the French, or English under a powerful French and Latin influence, while the Anglo-Saxon, the idiom that could serve to best purpose the character and genius of the sturdy English people, was banished to the hovels of the poor and lowly. It is therefore a matter of congratulation that at this stage a man should arise with ability and power to mould the language for ever more who was not a scion of nobility or a product of classical learning but a son of the common people, born and nursed in that portion of England where the Anglo-Saxon spirit and idiom had been preserved in its greatest purity, — beautiful Warwickshire, the heart of England.

When Shakespeare began his literary career, the English language was yet in comparative infancy. Like a delicate shrub, it needed judicious care and pruning to bring it to maturity and full bloom. Exotic plants grew up on all sides, choking its growth and hindering its development. A master-hand was needed to free it from these obstacles, for only in an atmosphere of freedom could it manifest its true worth and beauty. And this master-hand it found in Shakespeare. His penetrating genius saw the hidden beauty of the pure and simple Saxon element, and disregarding the example of the majority of his contemporaries and predecessors, he spurned the high-sounding, flowery words of Latin and French derivation, and chose the unpretentious Saxon as the medium of expression.

This may seem to be of minor importance to the casual observer, but it constitutes a fact which marks off an epoch in English thought and literature. Had Dryden or Milton, for instance, occupied the position of Shakespeare, had the task of the great poet of Nature and Mankind fallen to the lot of men whose principal marks of distinction were artificiality



and pedantic classicism, how different would have been the effect on Literature and the English Language. To compose those masterpieces of tragedy and comedy, so simple and true to life, yet loaded with a wealth of profound thought and highest sublimity, after Dryden or Milton had stamped the impression of their classicism on Literature would have been well nigh an impossibility.

Or conceive, if possible, "Lear," "Macbeth," "Othello," or "The Tempest" as written by either of these two classic minds. How would a Miltonian Lear or Cordelia act or speak; what would Dryden have made of Desdemona or Lady Macbeth; and where could either of them have found the inspiration and appropriate language in their classic models to suit the tender character of Miranda, or that master-mind of future man and Nature, the magic Prospero, or the airy and supernatural Ariel? How different at the same time, would have been the ultimate effect on English Literature.

It is therefore a unique position which Shakespeare occupies in English literature, having not only enriched it with the treasures of his mind, heart and soul, but having shaped its very form and spirit. He is not only a contributor but a creator. To him, therefore, he must ever turn, who wishes to know English at its best and purest.

BERNARD J. CONDON, '08.



## Nature's Conquest.

FREE! FREE! FREE! How the words rang in his ears as he stepped out of the narrow passage and away from the gloomy bars. Free! Ah, the wonderfulness of it to that man deprived of his freedom for long, long years by the dictates of his state. The birds, the evening breeze, the very trees seemed to whisper it to him. The earth seemed to lift him up with transports of joy. And in his joy and abandon the man hurried to the country, drinking in deep breaths of the balmy evening air. He threw himself upon a soft and downy bed of green grass and purple flowers and inhaled the lily-like odor drifting through the air from some near-by lake. He lived on Nature with its flowers, indeed "the sweetest things God has made and forgot to put a soul into."

He saw the June sun after making its daily semi-circle slowly and majestically sink to sweet repose in a fluffy bank of blue and golden clouds. And with the last burst of golden glory twilight began. And then he recalled these lines:

"The western waves of ebbing day  
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire."

The flowers felt the approach of night and rest from the sun's scorching rays, and the morning-glory opened up its pure, spotless petal to catch Heaven's life-giving nectar. The meadow-lark gave out its last gladsome lay, and the spell of night was on the earth. He listened to the owl giving its nightly call from the dusky wood. Ah! How different it sounded than when he had heard it coming mournfully and sorrowfully through the cold bars of his cell. And all night he lay there, till golden-eyed morn began her stealthy

approach. And the meadow-lark, afraid to lose a minute of the time it might give to the world in joy and gladness, loosened its pulsing throat and pouring forth its silver song, awoke the world around. And with the disappearance of the stars "the forget-me-nots of the angels," he saw the sun rise slowly o'er the distant hills in all his splendor and majesty, leaving a golden wake. Saw it rise in a blaze of glory, his conquering rays causing the dewy drops mantling the crests of sombre leaves and fragrant flowers seem as glistening, half invisible fairies who have been deserted by their protectress, Night, and are slowly disappearing in the fear of her opponent, Day.

"What is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

One of those glistening jewels of nature, and another of God's most precious gifts to living beings. And yet how little it is appreciated by its very recipients! How few in the busy humdrum of life look forth with any other feeling than of their pleasures and occupations upon this beautiful day!

The early morning breeze whispered gently to the swaying trees, confiding many a secret to their silent ears and bestowing another life-like touch upon the already perfect work. Everything, even that which is inanimate, seemed to the eye of this nature lover to be animated with the desire to add its own peculiar charm to the scene. The dull clod, formed from Nature's own mould, seemed strangely picturesque when viewed through the golden spectacles of hope and joy, while the smallest plants glistened in their fancied importance. The cowslip reflected the sun's own color upon its field of green. The morning-glory with its eager cup filled with the nectar of night, was slowly closing its white and immaculate blossoms in fear of losing its purity at the intrusion of the bold sun. Real life was given to the scene by Nature's able lieutenants, the feathered creation. The never tiring song of the lark and the entrancing lay of the vesper sparrow belying its own name, was sweetly wafted to his tingling ears. All nature spoke of the new day with no thought of the old. Slow-



ly, yet earnestly, this thought, brought out by Nature, as God made it, came to the mind of this convict of years. A new desire to be better and purer, even as this nature world, fills him, and with a long forgotten prayer he too puts away the old and takes on the new. He has indeed learnt Nature's greatest lesson.

CHARLES PFEFFER, '08.



### Meditations.

THE moon's soft gleams but now have died away,

All nature seems to feel that morn has come,  
And in the yonder east from rest to play,

The sun prepares its daily course to run.

The little birds forth from their resting place,

Are twittering loud their pleasures to the sun,  
And seem to say as round and round they chase,  
How could we sing without thee, noble one.

The morning air like incense from above,

Exhilarates all smiling nature's parts;  
The gentle zephyrs echo sounds of love,  
Like words that come from happy lovers' hearts

The lily fair, the rose, and all the flowers,

Unfold their velvet petals, one by one;  
They have been sleeping in their shady bowers,  
And now cast drowsy glances at the sun.

The beauteous garb of nature's perfect morn,

Bestows its joys on man of every life,  
From tender babes that are but newly born,  
To hoary heads, about to leave earth's strife

Her loveliness he feels, he breathes her air,

Her music sweet is wafted to his ears,  
He sees the blooming rose, the lily fair,  
The smiling sun, as into Heaven it peers.

His heart strings echo all sweet nature's sounds,  
Her charming power upon his face is shown,  
The love of God's own handiwork abounds,  
Within his heart, where steadily it has grown.  
While in accord with nature beats his heart,  
An inspiration does his Angel bring;  
His thoughts now rise to nature's God "Who art  
In Heaven," where chimes of joy forever ring,  
His soul taps lightly at the door of thought,  
And whispering speaks of God's great gifts to man,  
The words like consolation long for sought,  
Faith's dying embers into life do fan.  
God's blessings fall like crystals of white snow,  
And are dispersed as leaves in autumn are;  
His mantle of pure love on all does flow,  
Like mists that roll across the ocean's bar.  
His sumptuous Paradise he will bestow,  
Upon his children, as to him they come,  
That life sublime, of which all men should know,  
Eternal joys, in our eternal home.  
Not birds', but Angels' songs, in Heaven flow,  
And all the brightness of the dazzling sun  
Cannot compare with the never fading glow  
Reflected from the face of God alone.  
His thoughts now in the realms of Heaven soar,  
Then happy words; "Yes, Heaven is my goal.  
I'll live this life that when its days are o'er,  
My good works will my dying hours console."  
"Henceforth, my God, my Savior, and my Lord,  
My life and labors, joys and sorrows all,  
To thee I consecrate, that thy sweet word  
May cheer my heart when heaven sends the call."

WM. A. HANLEY, '08



## An Envelope.

IT is half past two o'clock in the afternoon when the mail reaches Glen Echo, a small summer resort in the heart of the wooded hills of West Virginia. At this time the people may be seen on the lawns, awaiting its arrival, for it is quite a pleasure for those who have chosen this retreat from the sultry city to receive tidings from their friends who are still in its busy whirl.

The mail carrier has just made his round, and among those favored is Ralph Cameron. Ralph had chosen Glen Echo as the scene of his vacation, and, as might be expected, had come with the intent to leave all cares behind. But the letter that he had received to-day, brought back to his mind a question that had been annoying him for some days. It was the question that comes to all at one period of their life, the question of a vocation or a life's calling. The previous June had witnessed his graduation from College, and now he was wistfully gazing out upon that life upon which he must soon enter. It is true, he had heard within him for some time a call to the priesthood, but as that meant the renunciation of many pleasures, he had not entertained the thought. Now the question seemed to press for an answer, for in the letter which he held in his hand, the Rector of the College desired to know whether he would return to enter the philosophical course. What shall he do? Shall he answer in the affirmative, and enter upon his studies for the priesthood, or shall he banish the idea? He must think the matter over.

But as he lay in the hammock that afternoon, with his eyes turned towards the pure blue of heaven, watching the white, fleecy clouds float by like great herds of sheep on a mountain side, his soul soared away from the realistic to

the fantastic. It was one of those bright days of early July, when all nature seemed wrapped in magic beauty, stealing the thoughts from the troubles of the world and filling the mind with gladness. The flowers sent up their sweetest, most fragrant odors; the birds sang their sweetest songs to lull the heart to rest. But, when at last the mind strays back to earth, and knows that this tranquillity can last but few short hours, and then comes the stern reality of life, a feeling of sadness steals over one's being that cannot be solved. Such was the case with Ralph. As he lay there absorbed in the beauties of nature around him and then again with his life's question, he felt strangely sad. It was a sadness that he never felt before, and one that he could not describe. It seemed a mixture of joy, regret and he knew not what.

Rousing himself from his reverie, he became aware of some one standing near him, and looking around he saw a young man of not very attractive appearance.

"What do you want?" Ralph asked with some irritation.

"Would you please," the stranger began, but stopped short, and looked at the envelope that lay on the walk at his feet. It was a common envelope with a photo of the college building and a return in the upper left hand corner.

"Many a time I have used such an envelope," he muttered. Then of a sudden his face brightened, and he asked, "Do you know me, Ralph?"

"Know you! Why, man, I have never, to my knowledge, seen you before. How did you learn my name?"

"Don't you remember the Dolphin?"

"Do I remember the Dolphin! Why, Ray! I did not know you. Shake hands, old boy! Glad to see you. It has been a long time since we have met. Where have you been all this time? But why is it you come in these rags?"

"Do not ask me, Ralph, why I come thus. Yes, it has been a long time since we met, too long I should say. You and I have always been good friends, so I might as well out and be frank with you. You remember that when I graduated every one said I should enter the seminary. It had also

been my intention, but somehow I could not make the sacrifice. The world appeared to me very beautiful and held out many pleasures which a priest must forego. Well, I went in search of some of these pleasures, but these tattered rags were all I found. Yes, Ralph, this is all the world had for me. Do not ask me more, for I must not stay here longer. I would not have come if I knew this was your house; and I would not have known you, were it not for that envelope there. May I have it as a keep-sake, for now I am an out-cast."

"But, Ray, you must stay."

"No, it must not be so. Good-bye, Ralph! I hope to meet you again on better ground."

So saying he departed, leaving Ralph in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. He stood watching his old friend disappear down the long line of maples and then sat down again in silence. His thoughts were with the 'Dolphin.' Many a pleasant hour had they spent together at school. Ray, though his senior, had always been his companion; and what a fine fellow he was too. How for hours at a time they had rambled through the woods or floated down the swift Loganda, in their little boat, the Dolphin, dragging their nets behind. How, between the bobbings of the float, Ray would tell stories of what he would do when he grew up. "And now, poor fellow," he muttered "he has come to this, all because he did not heed that voice which he heard within him. Who knows what I might come to, if I would do the same. I'll not follow him."

Without further hesitation he rose and entered the library to answer the Rector's letter in the affirmative.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.





## The Imagination.

WHAT a wonderful world is that of the imagination! What a beautiful world of innocent and wholesome enjoyments. In its Elysian fields one may wander at will and admire the scenes that please the inner eye. Into this garden of delights one may withdraw when weary of the realities of life. It is a world beyond the tangible and visible, nevertheless, we can find there that much desired peace that we seek for in vain in the world of reality. In that superior realm our excited nerves may be quieted, despondency dispelled and courage restored. Heart and mind are there revived by the beautiful music and harmonies unheard in real life.

“Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on.”

After reason, what faculty can be deemed more precious than that faculty divine — the imagination? None, at least, can give man so much pleasure. None can raise him to such heights, where his soul can find rest and strength, and where, if it be pure, it will receive aspirations for good.

The world of the imagination is the ideal world. What would become of the human race if it were bereft of ideals? Do they not draw us on and upward? Do they not inspire and elevate? Does not the young collegian form and mould his character and perfect his education by ever striving for his ideal? Does not every student build his air castles at some period of his course, and by ever keeping them present before his mind, attain the goal of his ambition? Would not many men lose heart if they were not sustained and moved on by their ideals? Bishop Spalding has beautifully said:

“Imagination rules our life. It creates the ideals by which we live, from point to point it beckons us on to the unattained. Over vulgar reality it throws a mystic veil; it draws the charmed circle wherein move friendship, love, and freedom. It blows the trumpet to honor and fame, it leads the way to glorious death.”

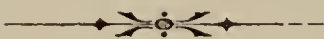
Imagination precedes the reasoning faculties in science and inventions, hence, we hear of inventors having a fertile imagination. It is in this faculty that their great inventions and discoveries take rise and shape. Reason, it is true, must perfect the idea, but it is the imagination that makes the leap from the known to the unknown. It is by searching and propounding in this realm that hidden possibilities are brought to reality. And after years of study and observation images that have been stored away in the mind of the poet, artist and dramatist are brought back afresh, and by different combinations are shaped into masterpieces, as Emerson says: “Neither are the artist’s copies from experience ever mere copies, but always touched and softened by tints from this ideal domain.” Again, does not the poet before giving shape and form to his beautiful thoughts and ideas wander in this beautiful and rich realm; does not “his imagination, like a god, call forth a living world from the waste and void abyss of matter.”

Men love to dwell in the world of fiction, poetry, drama and art, the great realms of the imagination. Why is it that actors and actresses can inspire such enthusiastic regard in the breasts of the people, regardless of personal merit? Because they represent for the time being the types of men and women that appeal to the imagination. In one or other particular, at least, they correspond to our ideal. It is for the same reason that a play gives so much satisfaction, a poem, and a picture.

Since, then, the imagination is a precious gift of man, let no one think it of little consequence. On the contrary, it is a gift for which we cannot thank the Creator sufficiently, since it is a source of great pleasure, and a valuable servant in every walk of life. It should, therefore, be one of the

aims of education to foster and cultivate this faculty, to sharpen and train it, and to direct it properly, for like all other faculties it must lead into pure channels.

VINCENT WILLIAMS, '09.



## The Rose-bud and the Brooklet.

GENTLY rising, softly purling,  
Flows the rippling brook along;  
Gently nodding, sweet lips curling,  
Little rose-bud, near its whirling,  
Nodding to the brook's sweet song.

Happy brook, what sweet appealing,  
Is thy own endearing cheer,  
As thy silvery ripples stealing,  
Messages of love revealing  
To thy love, the rose-bud dear.

And the rose-bud, ever heeding,  
Lowly bows its modest head;  
But the brooklet, sweetly pleading,  
In its rising and receding  
O'er its low and rocky bed,

Till its lips are gently pressing  
To the rose's lips so red.

In its gentle sweet caressing,  
Lovingly it showers its blessing,  
Dew-drops on her drooping head.

Thus the rose is ever bending  
To the stream that flows near by;  
And the stream, in turn, ascending  
To the rose-bud, and is blending,  
With the rose-bud's own clear dye?

And the brook is onward tripping,  
Wandering ever here and there;  
But the rose the frost comes nipping,  
And its pretty stalk is stripping,  
To wither in the cold bleak air.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.



## The Lesson in Brutus.

THAT Shakespeare wished his plays to have a meaning and to teach a lesson, is evident even to those who have given them but a superficial perusal. That he intended the same in the portrayal of his individual characters is no less plain. In these characters we see represented the members of the great human family; and by our admiration of the good and noble qualities in them, and by our abhorrence of their evils and shortcomings, we are made to realize those great truths, the observance or the disregard of which determines for us our success or failure in life.

In his more serious plays Shakespeare has given us a most profound view of life, in all its beauty, nobility, and attending seriousness. Such a play is his "Julius Caesar," in which the most serious and noble character is the hero, Brutus. That in this character Shakespeare intended to point out a lesson, no doubt all will agree. In him the artist has not only created an individual character, with flesh and blood, and acting on human impulses, but he has given it a wider application; he has made it typical of a class and illustrative of one phase of humanity.

It is chiefly in this that the highest art consists, namely, in making the creation of the mind expressive not only of the thought directly intended, but of much which may be implied by association. Such a quality, for instance, is in Don Quixote, which won for it such a world-wide popularity, and determined for it a great longevity; for it is true not only to the time, place and manner of the story's setting, but is also typical of mankind in every age and clime. Such are the qualities which determine for the work of any artist its true and lasting worth, and such preeminently is the quality in Shakespeare's plays which has given him a place for all time to come.

This being the wide and deeper meaning which Shakespeare intends his characters to have, we are at once led to ask: What is the object or the lesson in the portrayal of Brutus? Here we see him as the hero of a play in which the mighty Caesar is given only a meagre characterization. Why is Brutus placed upon this eminence? It is because he is found so intimately connected with an act, so far-reaching in its effects, so significant in point of policy. The rising up against political authority is generally looked upon as dishonorable, and especially when it entails the butchery of the highest of state. That the act of Brutus was of such a type no one will deny. It was the work of a conspiracy and entailed the murder of Caesar in cold blood. But does any one look upon Brutus as a murderer and a villain? No. We rather pity than condemn him. For, as he himself says, he had no personal reason to "spurn at" Caesar. He had a very high regard for the general good, and as at the time of the conspiracy he had come to regard Caesar "as a serpent's egg, which hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous," he deemed it a duty as a loyal citizen to treat him as a serpent "and kill him in the shell." And, indeed, his fears were not altogether ungrounded; for Caesar, although, perhaps, planning much good for the republic, was nevertheless a usurper of the people's rights. It was wrong in him to aspire to the sceptre over a liberty-loving people like the Romans; and according to the play we cannot hold that Shakespeare ever meant to approve of Caesar's actions. But granting this, we still cannot find sufficient reasons why a man of the type of Brutus should attempt to remedy the conditions by the murder of Caesar. Nor does Shakespeare approve of the act of Brutus, for he makes him subject to great disaster. He meets his doom in consequence of this act. Since, then, his action is condemned, while his motives are not to be censured, there must have been a great cause of delusion somewhere. The cause was twofold. The first, proceeding from within, made possible the other from without.

In the first place, judging from his noble attitude toward



everything and everybody, we know that he was incapable of insincerity. He had the welfare of the republic at heart, and was ready to use every legitimate means to secure it; and it was below his way of reasoning to think that any one could make the general welfare subservient to his own, or be actuated by mean and unworthy motives. Nor can we find any reason to think that Brutus, if left to his own way of thinking and doing, could ever have been brought to use such violent means, even for the general good, much less then for personal advantage.

But did the general good demand the death of Caesar? It was only after the mind of Brutus had been filled with the suggestions of his friends that it appeared so to him. It was because of his great devotion to the general good, and because of his great nobility of character that his friends were able to influence him. Upon these two phases of his character they worked, and by means of flattery, by subtly expressed admiration they led him to his doom, just as Decius with his flattery led Caesar to the Capitol, there to meet a bloody death. Thus it is that the noble aims of Brutus are tarnished by the influence of the baser designs of his admirers and flatterers. They knew only too well, as Cinna suggests, what a different aspect their course would assume if Brutus would espouse their cause: "O Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus to our party." Behold the noble Brutus, towering high above his contemporaries! A man who, taken all in all, had not his like in any age; so full of beauty and sweetness; gentle, pure and honorable; delicate and sensitive to any stain of principle; so true to his promises that he scorns the idea of taking an oath; the flower of culture and a model in public and private life! And yet he fell. Fell like a hero, dying for a cause in which he never suspected a moral wrong nor a delusion. So great a man was he that his own enemies freely confessed that:

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"



The case of Brutus has many analogies in life. How many men of great and noble aims are so placed as to be subject to danger by their association with men of baser motives. What man of repute to-day but has at some time in his career been beset by men of meaner motives, who have attempted by flattery and deception to use his influence for a furtherance of their own unworthy and selfish ends. How many times has not a great name been put forward to give a fair face to a dark purpose in social, commercial and political life? Behind the backs of noble men the ignoble conceal themselves and their selfish aims.

Shakespeare, through the fate of Brutus, seems to say to men in authority: "Beware even of your friends." He would have us remember that great men may be wrought upon by lesser ones, the more easily, because noble men suppose others to be actuated by motives similar to their own. Whether Shakespeare had in mind some prominent men of England who were inveigled into rebellion and consequent ruin by men who sought their private ends, may be disputed, but it seems reasonably certain that Brutus is intended as a warning for men of eminence, whether by position or inherent nobility.

LEO FAUROT, '10.



## The Quest.

WITH wandering aim and careless step,  
The world to him unknown,  
A youth in quest of pleasure went,  
And wandered far from home.

His youthful bosom knew no fear,  
And to his mind there came  
Fair dreams of daring and renown  
And the glory of a name.

He scaled the dizzy mountain heights  
Where rocky crags lie bare;  
A sudden longing filled his breast,  
He drank the mountain air.

Far up the steep and rocky ledge,  
Where none had dared to scale,  
He now beheld a mountain rose  
Unknown to all the vale.

"'Twere well," thought he, "like Josue  
To visit those far heights,  
And bear its fruits in triumph home,  
And tell of distant sights."

And as he scaled the phantom steep  
The prize seemed ever bright;  
In fear and hope still climbing on  
He reached the cherished height.

And once again on footing free  
In silence there he stands,  
A black and thorny briar stem  
Within his eager hands.

With one exultant leap and shout,  
"Hurrah! 'tis mine! 'tis mine!"  
The rolling echoes answer faint  
And fainter, "mine, 'tis mine."

But when he grasped with tender hands  
Its strong and thorny stalk,  
He found its roots had sprung into  
A crevice in the rock.

He tugged amain, and all the while  
His tender fingers bled;  
It broke at last, but left its roots  
Within its rocky bed.

No more the hopes to cultivate,  
Or name a species rare;  
But still he had the cliff's great bloom  
To prove that he was there.

But hastening down the rocky steep  
With ne'er a look behind,  
The crimson flower shook and spread  
Its petals to the wind.

## The Blessing of Knowing How Little is Known.

OH, that I could know all that can be known about the knowledge of mankind and could here make a summary of man's accomplishments and wisdom. But from following this my fondest desire, Socrates, my dearest friend, dissuades me when he says: "Human wisdom is worth little or nothing; that man is wisest among you who knows that he is little with respect to wisdom." Let me, therefore not speak of man's knowledge or wisdom, but allow me to cast a glance at the drearier side, that is, at man's absence of knowledge.

This true and open statement of our faithful Greek friend could be more idiomatically expressed in English in this fashion: "As soon as man begins to know how much less he knows than he thinks he knows, then he really knows something that is worth knowing." Let us keep this motto in mind, whilst we briefly seek to examine the lesson which it is to teach, and the merit of the virtue which it tries to emphasize.

To know is, indeed, an accomplishment, but show me the man who knows that he doesn't know all, and I will give him my utmost respect. There is a certain unreasonable pride in most men that makes them imagine to know not only that which they do not, but often even that which is unknowable. This unreasonable self-esteem is found everywhere. How great the number of those who are in the wrong and do not know it, who are ignorant and unaware of their ignorance, who think themselves wise, and by so doing show their lack of wisdom! And how do they show their lack of wisdom? By the fact that they are not aware of their ignorance.



If I could know the number of those that are claimed by the latter class, then indeed would I tell you all about the nothingness of man's poor and limited wisdom. But that cannot be, from the fact that he who does not know, invariably thinks he knows and consequently tries to appear as one who does know. But one thing I now know that is worth knowing, and that, to repeat the words of Socrates, is that human wisdom is worth little or nothing, and I hope that I may always know this, and may never forget what I once have known.

I have never presumed to know anything, but on this one point I believe myself fairly sure, namely, on the utter worthlessness of human wisdom. It has always been a good or bad habit of mine to sit in some remote corner and listen whilst others attempt to display their knowledge, and I have found it a source of much amusement. Most frequently assertions are made which are less worthy of credit than the assertion that there is such a thing as a six-legged elephant, but the holder of such an opinion will debate until his statement is declared absolute truth. Indeed, it were a blessing to this earth if he who thinks he knows would keep silence, and only he who knows he knows would speak, for it is far more advisable to hide your wisdom in silence than to display your ignorance in words.

But oh, if only he who knows would speak, then indeed would our language be useless. Men will declare me guilty of a grievous crime in pronouncing the wisdom and knowledge of man so small and limited. Still, this only serves to prove my statement, for it is only he who is most ignorant, who will find me guilty of such a crime, for he who is wise is wise enough to know his ignorance, whilst he who is ignorant, is always too ignorant to know his lack of wisdom.

Know-nothingism, however, is manifested not only in words, but is displayed also in action. It may almost be considered a general rule that the man, *vulgo*, kid, who has that graceful walk, that wise look and thorough knowledge of the style of the moment, has indeed an eye for beauty but not a brain for wisdom. He may part his hair in the middle,

he may wear the peaked shoes and the overcoat, which is rather to satisfy the rules of the style than the demands of the season, still, he remains what he always was, and if he in any way comes up to my description, he is and remains an ignoramus, who prefers to hear himself talk than to perceive himself thinking.

The reader will please note that I am contrasting Know-nothingism with wisdom and not with general knowledge. Thus a millionaire may know sufficient if he knows how to handle cash, a fool if he knows enough to make a fool of himself, but a student has the saddest fate of all, for only then does he know sufficient when he knows that he doesn't know it all, and, besides, knows enough to try to know what he doesn't know and thus prepares to apply himself to acquiring the knowledge of the still unknown. Yet the student need not despair, for when he knows all that he should know and also knows that he does not know it all, then he no longer possesses superficial knowledge but real wisdom. Still, if every student were wise enough to shroud his ignorance in silence, rather than to emphasize it in words, true wisdom would be more common among our friends.

And now will I follow the example of the ragged philosopher of old and acknowledge that I know nothing, and that I know that I know nothing, and though I may seem to presume to know something by the fact that I wrote this essay on Know-nothingism, still will I maintain that I know nothing, and here I wish to show not what I know but rather point out to others what they do not know.

A. RITZENTHALER, '08.



## At the Communion.

O Jesu! whispered soft and low;  
O Jesu, resounded far below;  
While angel voices, sweet and clear,  
Whisper, "How close the Lord is near."

The morning breezes waft along  
Bright shining angels' sweetest song;  
Peace, O thou soul! keep watch and wait,  
For, hark! the Lord is at thy gate.

Peace, O thou soul ! for now with thee  
Mute angels kneel in ecstasy,  
Longing, for to thee is given  
What to them's denied in heaven.

But lo! the priest before thee stays;  
Why falter, for even now he lays  
Upon thy lips that spotless guest,  
And God descends into thy breast.

The heart, in silent rapture lost,  
With hands upon thy bosom crossed,  
Can only send one prayer above,  
"O flower of morn, Jesu, my love."

CHARLES LEARY, '10.





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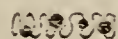
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## Editorials.

THE LAST RETREAT, which began on February 28th, was a source of much spiritual pleasure and profit to all. The worthy retreat-master, Father Flavian, O. F. M., won the confidence of the students at the very outset by a gentle, earnest and instructive address, and the following days witnessed no diminution of interest and zeal in the hearers. The lessons of practical wisdom and judicious advice, and the examples related in the course of the lectures, will be long remembered, especially as many committed the chief points to paper, in response to a suggestion of the Reverend retreat-master. Some of the lessons learned on these days have undoubtedly sunk so deeply into the souls that they will bear fruit in life.

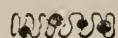
A very interesting talk was given on the noble calling of the Catholic student. It is indeed but too sad a fact that so few students realize the golden opportunities offered them during college life. Being as yet unsettled in character and inclined to be light-minded and frivolous, they devote their attention to athletics and other side-branches, and soon lose sight of the all-important work that lies before them of sowing the seed which is afterwards to sprout forth into a successful and happy life. The speaker brought out with great impressiveness the singular privileges of the Catholic student and the grave duties incumbent upon him. The College career is the spring-time of life; what is not then acquired will not be acquired in after-life, when other cares and responsibilities engross our attention. It is well for a student to be serious at times and look at such questions in their true light, lest perhaps, — as is, alas, only too often the case, — College be considered his vacation resort, and work demanded of him a minor duty, to be shirked if at all possible. Athletics and diversions are well enough when used with moderation, but the foolish principle of modern educational institutions which accords them a rank even above studies and knowledge is a false and detrimental one. All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work will make him by far worse.



IT IS OFTEN asked why so few people possess the ability of appropriately expressing their thoughts in written language, in other words, why so few students are good essayists. While many are able to defend their position well from the rostrum or to maintain their ground in a heated controversy, it only too often appears that when called upon to put forth in writing their views and sentiments on some literary theme or vital topic of the day, they are found wanting in adequate expression, forcefulness, and the sense of form, — which we might call the three indispensable qualities of a good essay.



In spoken language and oratorical delivery there is a powerful factor which does not figure so prominently in the essay, namely, the personality of the speaker. A strong and convincing personality has charms for any audience. The orator's strength lies in his emotive power and his ability to arouse to action. Hence a polished form and exactness of detail is hardly expected of him, or at least, is not an indispensable necessity. But not so the essayist. He must proceed along a well-beaten and well-defined road. Personality indeed means much for him too, but he can manifest it only in its subtler forms. And this subtleness consists in a keen sense of form, joined with an easy and charming style of expression. These must be his partly by nature, but he must trust to frequent composition for their further development and cultivation. By repeated exercise and strict attention to correctness of form, a habit of clear thinking and easy composition is formed. His essays will no longer be lacking in clearness, vigor and interest, and their composition will be a pleasant task.



DURING THE last two months an unusually large number of great men in literature and art have been snatched away by the hand of death.

A brilliant career came to a sudden close when death summoned the Rev. Dr. Dennis Jos. Stafford, of Washington, to his eternal reward. Illustrious as priest, orator and lecturer, admired and loved by all with whom he came in contact, his life was one continued act of charity and a self-sacrificing effort for uplifting and promoting the welfare of his fellow-men. With his demise, the Catholic Church in the United States has lost a valued and influential member; society a genial friend and philanthropist; and literature an illustrious scholar.

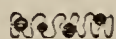
Not less unexpected came the sad end of Dennis O'Sullivan, the famed Irish actor. He was just opening in this country what promised to be a grand tour, but death cut him off in the midst of his glorious career with his noble work



unaccomplished, and, sad to say, hardly a worthy successor to fill his place. O'Sullivan's portrayal of the Irish character and temperament was something unsurpassed, and he was looked up to by the greatest dramatic critics as a coming star. A keen and irreparable loss, indeed, for his many friends and admirers, and especially his enthusiastic countrymen.

But neither of these will be missed by us to such an extent as the late James R. Randall, who will chiefly be remembered as the author of "Maryland, My Maryland." He has been an intimate acquaintance to all the readers of the "Catholic Columbian," his entertaining and instructive correspondence in each issue being always a distinctive feature.

Mr. Randall was possessed of an amiable and winning personality, and to meet him was to become his friend. His work in behalf of Literature and Catholic Journalism has won for him a precious heritage of love and admiration, and it is pleasant to think that at Jamestown last summer he received a little of that acknowledgment which he so justly craved. Be his future literary reputation what it may, Mr. Randall will ever be loved and remembered as a faithful and energetic defender of truth and righteousness, a close student of literature, a charming writer, and, what is above all else, a noble and self-sacrificing character.



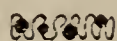
A MUCH discussed subject, no doubt, is that of Reading. What should the student read, how much should he read, and how should he read, these are questions that have been put before him so repeatedly that they no longer have any meaning for him but impress him as being mere formal questions with plenty of sound but little meaning.

But as reading is such a prominent factor in cultivating the mind and developing a gentle character, too much importance cannot be attached to it nor too great a care exercised in the choice of books.

In the first place, only such books should be read as appeal to one. An intimate sympathy and relationship must exist between the reader and his book, for unless he feels a certain liking for the subject discussed he cannot experience the beauties of thought and style contained in it. If this attraction for a book is wanting, reading is little more than a waste of time, for unless his book appeals and speaks to him as a friend, an adequate appreciation of it is impossible. The judicious man reads a book because he feels that book has been written for him. It agrees with his taste and interests, it satisfies his aspirations, and for that reason has a message to convey to him.

The number of books should be limited. The Latins feared the man of one book, because they knew that he had made that one book his own and was to that degree stronger and wiser than before. Books, like friends, should be few but well-tryed. Each student should have his favorite author, and by continual reading and deeper study of his works, seek out his hidden beauties and charms. Aside from the beneficial effect such reading produces on the character, many good habits of equal importance will also be contracted. Concentration of mind becomes easier, the reasoning faculties are sharpened and strengthened, the taste for good, solid literature fostered and cultivated.

As to the third question, we might answer: Read thoughtfully and with pen in hand. It is not the words of an author that win for him his reputation, but his thoughts, hence we should always read the thoughts that are expressed in a book. The usefulness, if not necessity, of the 'pen in hand' is well known to all who have taken the pains to cull the choice nosegays from their books. How often we meet a beautiful thought or a bit of practical wisdom expressed in pregnant phrase, which might serve us to good purpose in after life. The note-book is the casket for such gems, for the precious pearls that we have gathered in the hours of silent communion with books.





FROM SOME reading matter forwarded to the press from New York, it appears that an association has been formed there, which numbers among its members several Catholic Bishops and Archbishops as well as ministers of the Protestant denominations and prominent men from every walk of life, to arouse public sentiment against the further restriction of Immigration, as advocated by the bills of Senator Latimer, and Congressmen Burnet and Gardner. There is no doubt in the minds of Americans that Immigration should be restricted, but the question is, "How to do it." Who are the undesirable immigrants, and how may they be excluded without excluding the desirable ones? According to the bills recently introduced in Congress, the chief test is to be an educational one, the ability to read. Now, while it is not a little shocking to know that there are still a great many people in Europe who are unable to read, never having enjoyed even the most rudimentary education, such a fact does not necessarily disqualify them for admission into this country. As the circular points out: "Many educated aliens have proved to be undesirable immigrants of the worst kind, while thousands of illiterate immigrants are among the builders of our country, working hard with pick and shovel, and eager to educate their children. They are a blessing to the land. Literacy is a proper qualification for naturalization, but is unnecessary for admission." — "If the drastic immigration bills," the circular states elsewhere, "recently introduced in Congress by Senator Latimer, and Congressmen Burnett and Gardner, would be enacted into law, immigration would be doomed. The supply of labor and domestic help would become inadequate, paralysing all activities of the country."

The question of the admission of immigrants — and their proper distribution — is indeed a knotty one, but the educational test would not solve it.

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## Exchanges.

PROMINENT among our exchanges is the **Fordham Monthly**. There is a tone and dignity about the pages which we like very much, due, no doubt, in part to the excellent typographical make-up, but also to the good taste of the editors. When perusing this magazine the critical frown is put aside, for we are never disappointed in our expectations. The poetry is always of a high class, and that of the February number is no exception. And there are short stories for our various moods. The spirit of mystery pervades "An Uninvited Guest." "The Outcast," a brief but interesting short story, is permeated with pathos. In "Wilson's Luck," the lover of romanticism will enjoy a few minutes of luxury. The "Address to the Sophomores of 1910," a forensic appeal to the belated "Sophs", outranks any of Hannibal's "too-well-known" speeches. The author has a mild but beautiful touch of humor. We await the outcome of "An Open Letter" with much interest.

Our own Hoosier friend—**The Notre Dame Scholastic**, is the best and most faithful paper that enters our sanctum. The editors deserve much commendation for their enterprising spirit in editing such a first class weekly paper. The February (No. 18) issue is at hand, and deserves more than a passing notice. One is not surprised to find an able essay on "Orators and their Opportunities" in a paper representing the "Cradle of Orators." The short stories, such as "His Sister's Friend" and "In After Years," never fail to arouse our interest. The poetical muse is quite propitious to the students of Notre Dame. "In After Days" bespeaks true patriotism for alma mater. "Kind Words" and "Reward" are short poems well worthy of remembrance. But the

"Varsity Verse" is the page where the Muse lovingly dwells. The editorials of **The Scholastic** are without a peer among our exchanges. Two of this number's editorials—"The Opportunities of the Specialist" and "Cultivation of Literary Taste"—are especially noteworthy.

We are surprised to read in the December number of the **S. V. C. Index** that our criticism of their initial number for this scholastic year was misinterpreted. No, we are not given to rash judgment or false suspicion. We do not doubt that these essays (three articles on citizenship) were written by students of St. Vincent's. But we do maintain that these three articles published in the same edition of a college paper of your size, make it extremely heavy or irksome reading. Individually the essays were, as was said, well written. The sense of variety or contrast would tell one to counter-balance a heavy essay with a brisk short story, etc. In your future papers we hope to see something collegiate, or at least "blunt attempts at humor."

Regarding your statement that they (the philosophical essays) deserve the foremost place in college journalism," we kindly ask you to peruse the "Fordham Monthly" or "Notre Dame Scholastic. They devote their pages to the up-to-date short story and like fiction. Compare the results of your policy with theirs.

From our sister College at debonair Bourbonnais has come the December number of the **Viatorian**. We have been asked for a later edition, but have answered all inquiries by saying that it, no doubt, lost its way while "en transit"—through the negligence of our Uncle Sam.

When we finally reach the pages that have been written by our brother students—after turning over fourteen pages of matter relating to the French question—we find a well written essay on Pius X. This, as well as the "Character Study of Hamlet," is deserving of praise. We all know that a Shakespearian criticism is considered hackneyed nowadays, but we were so much interested by this discursive



study of the gloomy Hamlet that criticism was turned into praise. Just before going to press, the February number put in its appearance, and a hasty perusal convinces us that it is excellent—in spirit, matter and form. There are two unusually fine editorials on “Ouida” and Celibacy.

The **Dial** with its monthly budget of short and entertaining stories is always seized with avidity by our lovers of a good story. “Wanted—An Ideal,” and “Number Seven,” show the true narrative art of the authors. “Catholic Thought and the Wage Problem” is an essay based on one of the most absorbing questions of the day. We are always willing to enlarge our stock of knowledge and were disappointed that the **Dial** was not able to print the entire essay in this edition. Meanwhile the March number has arrived, and we can say that the second installment fully meets our expectations.

“Comments on the Life and Works of Edgar Allen Poe” in the **Institute Echoes**, while it betrays no deep thought or gives us any new ideas, presents old truths in so pleasing a light that the essay is very pleasant reading. We would also wish to see a little more poetry in this paper. Surely, this dearth of poetry is not because there are none ambitious enough to make a trial at it.

The story in **St. Mary's Sentinel** does not prove exactly delightful. The plot is so old that we are plumb sick of it. And there seems to be something else wrong. It does not flow along the way a story should—sounds too much like the development of a sketch on paper. The three changes of time and place might be overlooked, if it could not be otherwise censured. Still, we must not judge too severely, for story-tellers are born, not made, and even with them it is a piece of good luck to hit the right idea. The other articles certainly uphold the reputation that the **Sentinel** has already acquired among college papers.



"When? Where? How?" in the **Mount St. Joseph's Collegian** is an excellent story. There is no startling change of plot or scene, but only the gentle flow of a happy style, assisted by a few dashes of genuine humor, that clothe the idea—or plot, if we may call it such—in a garment of "human interest." The happy remark of the **Collegian** that the poem in our last issue, "The Poet's Song" contained "more truth than poetry" afforded us no little amusement.

"What Collegian has the best Exchange Column?" was a question asked of us the other day. This is a difficult query to answer, but we think that the **Collegian** from Oakland from its pedestal of excellence can complacently look down upon many of us poor brain-racked ex-men. For facility and ready turn of expression, sure criticism, intermingled with a dash of wit and satire now and then, this Collegian is surely qualified either to praise or blame its many brothers and sisters.

Perhaps it is the moulding by feminine hands that helps to make the December number of the **Agnesian Monthly** remind us of the opening lines of one of Tennyson's poems: "Sweet and low, sweet and low,"—which is the general tone of this paper. A well written little sketch that singularly affects us is "A Nocturne." The other articles without exception are all very well written.

As usual, the **Niagara Index** is filled with good common sense. The essays have—to use the trite expression—a true ring in our ears. "The Evils of Present Day Athletics" brings to our mind what we know is true, but what some of us are always trying to look at otherwise—at least in practice if not in theory. The searching essays on Milton's "Lycidas," and "Burns" show earnest thought and a full acquaintance with the subject matter in hand. But, **Index**, why not descend from your lofty height and give us a story and a few more poems? We know you can do it.

We don't like to give any paper the trite title of Regent of the month, etc., but upon reading the **Lorettime** we have not the least doubt that this paper deserves the name of "Regina Mensis." Beginning with its attractive cover, there is not a dull or uninteresting page in the paper. The poems, sketches, and essays deserve in our opinion no criticism but unalloyed praise. By far the best article is "Sports of the Yukon." It is fully as good as "The Land of the Midnight Sun" in the December number by the same author. The language is whole-souled, free, and filled with the vigor of out-door life. Both articles are written with real feeling, the feeling of one who knows the subject matter well. **Lorettime**, you are always welcome.



## Personal.

**I**N the departure of Father Lucas Rath, C. PP. S., last month for Cleveland, where he was called to assume the charge of a newly organized parish, the College has sustained quite a loss. For more than ten years Father Luke, as he was familiarly and affectionately known, has been a faithful and efficient teacher and disciplinarian, who had the welfare of the students and the interests of the College at heart and knew how to temper justice with mercy. In the class-room and without he was the students' guide, counselor and friend, and we have no doubt that he is gratefully remembered by them, even after they have gone forth from the halls of St. Joseph's. We are glad to have known Father Luke, and to have come under his influence, and we cannot help congratulating the members of his parish on their new pastor. What is our loss is their gain.

To Father Sylvester Hartmann, C. PP. S., who succeeds Father Luke as prefect of the religious students and in the chief classes, we extend our hearty welcome. We are as-



sured no less of his learning than of his kindness and good will, and wish him the fullest measure of success as a teacher and director.

On February 11th the beautiful chapel of the new Seminary C. PP. S. at Carthagena, Ohio, witnessed an impressive and heart-stirring scene, the ordination by Most Rev. Archbishop Henry Moeller of Cincinnati of four alumni of the College, Benno Holler, C. PP. S., '03, Alexius Schuette, C. PP. S., '03, Ludger Huber, C. PP. S., '03, and Ignatius Wagner, C. PP. S., '04. We are pleased to hear that all passed the examination with much credit to themselves. Our congratulations and good wishes for a long and happy life in the service of the Lord and humanity.

Father B. Holler celebrated his first Holy Mass in the convent chapel of Maria Stein, O.; Father Alexius Schuette, at St. Stephen's Church, Hamilton, O.; Father Ludger Huber, at the convent chapel, Glandorf, O.; Father Ignatius Wagner, at St. John the Baptist's, Delphos, O.

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### In the Library.

**Thoughts on the Religious Life.** Edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Bros. Price, net, \$1.50.

Our literature of the spiritual life is as yet a very meagre one, consisting mostly of translations from the French and the Italian, and while the above work is also based upon an Italian source it is by no means a translation, but distinctly original, at least in spirit and form. The matter may be old, but the mould is new. It is the spirit of the American editor, Father Lasance, and his language and method that we meet in this book, and for that reason it may be classed as a new work. If the author were not already favorably known by other works from his pen, we would judge from the present



work that he is a director of souls, and has a deep and intimate knowledge of the religious life. We hope the book will attract wide attention, and give much joy and enlightenment and consolation to souls striving after Christian perfection, particularly to the members of the various sisterhoods, to whom it is dedicated. "We offer them this work," the author states in the preface, "as a tribute of our profound admiration and respect, in the hope that it may prove a source of encouragement and helpfulness to them in their life of sacrifice and sublime self-immolation on the altar of divine and fraternal charity." Anything that gives pleasure and help to them we welcome with eagerness.

**My Lady Beatrice.** By Frances Cooke. Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

The Catholic novel is every day growing more popular with the Catholic reading world. We have read many, but we must give first place to this novel by Frances Cooke. It is a society tale of New York. Everything is alive, up to date throughout, and there is no religion "spread on," so to say, but it is religious in its every sentiment. Lady Beatrice is a thoughtful lady whose character is well drawn. The author puts these true words into her mouth: "If I were infatuated I might not look at consequences. But love is apt to take everything into consideration. . . . The fundamental principle of a great love must be great respect." Martin Lomas has truly the heart of one of those olden knights 'sans peur et sans reproche.' He is an ideal man with ideal thoughts. At one place he says: "Mine this fresh, pure air, to breathe it when I will; mine that sky, burning with a light which is the reflection of God's eternal effulgence. Content is mine—a quiet, large content." We could go on and tell and quote the story, but we will only say: "Buy this book, if you would be interested." C. W. P.

**Round the World.** Vol. IV. Benziger Bro. 85 cents.

It was a splendid idea to begin this series of illustrated chapters on the world's most interesting things and scenes and countries and people. They make bright, profitable,

and enjoyable reading for all and are a fine addition to any library. One who has ever looked into any of the volumes will want them, especially if there are growing boys and girls in the home. To indicate the variety of the contents we will mention a few subjects of this volume: The Esquimaux, Canada's Eldorado, Curious Farming, The Schoolship, Orchids, Fox Hunting in America, Wonders of America's proudest Waterway, The Porcelain of Saxony, etc. We consider the price of eighty-five cents very moderate.

**A Pilgrim from Ireland.** Written by Rev. M. Carnot, O. S. B. Translated by Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Bros. Price, \$0.45.

A full measure of thanks is certainly due to those who take upon themselves the difficult task of translating the more excellent stories written in foreign languages. This story, "A Pilgrim from Ireland," while it no doubt loses some of its native quaintness by translation, is a gem of the purest water. We are delighted with its beautiful and real simplicity. Father Carnot could indeed paint in words, for every description is most vivid. As the translator says in her preface: "We see them all; the venerable Sigisbert, the sturdy Rætus, the gentle Columbin,—we seem to know them, every one." She furthermore says: "To the fortunate reader, whether child or adult, the fascinating tale must be both profitable and delightful."



## Societies.

**Columbian Literary Society.** Owing to the large amount of work attending the proximity of the semi-annuals, the Columbians were prevented for a time in lending due interest to society matters, but the several programs and meetings of the last month evidenced a return of the usual zeal and activity.

The society extends a cordial welcome to Messrs. Albert Fate and Joseph Vurpillat, who have lately been registered as members.

The C. L. S. made their first public appearance in the new year on Jan. 19, with the following program.

1. Music, "Sounds from the West Overture".....Band.
2. Inaugural Address, "The Plodder's Conquest".....Raphael F. Donnelly.
3. Dramatic Recitation, "Marco Bozzaris"...Louis M. Nageleisen.
4. Comic Selection, "Mark Twain on Juvenile Pugilists"...Henry Grimelsman.
5. Prose Selection, "Power of a Name".....Daniel McShane.
6. Music, "Gleaming Stars Serenade".....Band.
7. Essay, "Influence of the Christian Religion on Patriotism".....Everistus Olberding.
8. Declamation, "The Wounded".....Bernard Voors.
9. Comic Selection, "A Telephone Conversation"...Charles Leary.
10. Music, "Universal Overture".....Band.

The private programs of Feb. 9, 16, and March 1, were also very creditably presented. Especially worthy of note is the latter one, in which excellent preparation was particularly manifested. The numbers are:

Music, Flute Solo and Violin accompaniment, Rev. J. Toujas and F. Striegel; Declamation, "Behind the Scenes," S. Reichert; Dr. Rec., "The Battle Field," F. Seifert; Hum. Sel., "Only a Pin," J. Kraft; Declamation, "The Barons, Last Banquet," Thomas Quinlan; Oration, "The American Sailor," H. Berghoff; Rec., "Home Sweet Home," Albert Hoffman; Dec. "The Rich Man Rebuked," F. Lippert; Vocal Solo, "Where the Kentucky Flows," H. Buescher; Farce, "Looking for Trouble," by J. Kreutzer, O. Peters, A. Besinger, F. Notheis, J. Vurpillat, and Roland Carmody.



Mr. Quinlan gave an excellent portrayal of his piece and deserves much praise for his ease and naturalness of execution. Mr. Hoffman, speaking in a gentle and melodious voice, touched our hearts with fond recollections of home. The program concluded with a farce, which was delightfully performed.

**St. Xavier German Society.** Not least among our College literary circles is the German society. It is credited with very favorable progress and has presented some entertaining programs, of which the following one of Feb. 8, claims a decided superiority:

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|--|--|
| 1. Music, "Terzett" by .....                                   | { F. Striegel.<br>H. Post.<br>L. Wawritchka. |
| 2. Inaugural Address, "Hauptzuege der deutschen Literatur".... |  |
|  |  |
| 3. Dramatic Recitation, "Der blinde Koenig"....                | Bernard Condon.                              |
| 4. Recitation, "Koenig Erich".....                             | A. Gerhardstein.                             |
| 5. Music,.....   | Sextette.                                    |
| 6. Declamation, "Die Schlaet bei Waterloo" ....                | Theodore Koen.                               |
| 7. Recitation, "Columbus".....                                 | Frank Beuke.                                 |
| 8. Dramatic Rec., "Die hohle Gasse von Kuessnach".....         | James Tekath.                                |
| 9. Recitation, "Das Grab".....                                 | Jos. Lynch.                                  |
| 10. Duet, "Colossal, Pyramidal, Gletscherhaft".....            | { F. Lippert.<br>A. Kuntz.                   |

**Aloysian Literary Society.** The Aloysians have begun the new year in good earnest, and at a meeting held Feb. 9, elected an excellent staff of officers: Mr. Leon Dufrane, Pres.; Mr. Joseph Fralich, Vice-Pres.; Mr. Thomas Barrett, Secretary; Mr. Fred Forsthoefel, Treasurer; Leander Vurpillat, Marshal; Mr. Leo McGurren, Librarian; Messrs. Maurice Pauley, Otto Stolkamp and T. Mestemaker, Ex. Com.

Their several private programs so far have elicited considerable interest. At present the attention of the society is centered on the preparation for a play to be given on St. Patrick's Day, March 17. The play, styled "The Cross of St. John's," is a drama in three acts, but is not, as its name implies, one of a religious character. Heretofore, the junior society have ever shown excellent dramatic abilities, and we

are therefore assured of a fine exhibition on St. Patrick's Day.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Belshazer Merx.....	Aloysius Copenolle.
Bonaventure. ....	George Lang.
Simeon Merx.....	Leon Dufrane.
Theodore Mauville ....	Francis Schick.
Schulmann.....	John Berghoff.
Burgomaster of Ghent.....	Richard Williams.
Cornelius Kedge .....	Maurice Pauley.
Samson Snooze.....	Leo McGurren.
Lacon Lester.....	Joseph Fralich.
Baron de Beaumonde.....	Thomas Barrett.
Colonel von Blusterbob ..	Louis Reif.
Jean.....	Fred Forsthoefel.
Advocate General.....	Leander Vurpillat.
Curate of St. John's ..	Otto Stallkamp.

#### SOLDIERS.

A. Mantey, H. Engbrecht, C. Reed, L. Greenan. M. Toner, G. Bertha, A. Elsaeser. O. Birkmeier and F. Swartz.

#### PAGES.

August Kistner and F. Marcotte.

**The Marian Sodality.** On Sunday, Feb. 2, the sodality assembled in the college chapel for their first regular meeting of 1908, and decided upon the following officers for the ensuing term: Mr. Bernard Condon, Prefect. Mr. Leo Faurot, 1st. Ass't.; Mr. James McIntyre, 2nd. Ass't.

At an officers meeting held March 1, Mr. Daniel McShane was elected Secretary, and a number of members were chosen as consultors to pass upon the new candidates for admission. The consultors are: Messrs. Vincent Williams, Wm. Franze, Frank Striegel, Linus Hildebrand, Fred Lippert, Raymond Stallkamp, Otto Peters, August Kistner, Aloysius Link and Paul Froning.

**St. Stanislas Altar Society.** A meeting of the acolytes on Feb. 22, for the purpose of selecting a new staff of officers, resulted in the following elections: Mr. F. Forsthoefel, Pres.; Mr. R. William, Vice-Pres.; Mr. J. Berghoff, Sec.; Mr. L. Reif, Critic; Mr. G. Bertha, Marshal.



## Dwenger Hall.

ONE of the most beautiful buildings on the College Grounds is Dwenger Hall, recently finished. It is situated directly west of the Main Building and in close proximity to the surrounding structures. Aside from the fact that the new edifice fills a long-felt want at St. Joseph's, it will serve as a monument to the genius and architectural taste of our beloved Rector, Father Augustine, who drew the plans and superintended its construction to the minutest detail.

Dwenger Hall is oblong in shape, with an extension octagon on either side, and covers about 3000 sq. ft. The walls are constructed of a double row of cement blocks with an intervening air-space, thus rendering the building impervious to moisture, keeping it warm in winter and cool in summer. The octagons and numerous extensions of the walls dispel all appearances of unsightliness or monotony of outline, while the eight gable windows projecting from the roof add to its massiveness and harmony. A spacious portico surmounted by four stately columns graces the main entrance. The roof is covered with red tile, and in exterior appearance the new hall well agrees with the several other buildings which have recently been erected at the College.

The structure is two stories high, with a basement and attic, making it practically a four-story edifice. The commodious and cheerful rooms in the octagons are occupied by Professors. A number of small apartments on the first and second floors are provided as separate wards for the sick. Here also is the physician's office and the College Dispensary. The basement is arranged for baths and storage purposes.

The accommodations are all that comfortableness could suggest. The building is heated by steam and illumined by electricity. Each of the larger rooms has an adjoining toilet supplied with hot and cold water. A larger bath and toilet



room is also found on each floor. Dwenger Hall is brought into close connection with the surrounding buildings by an 'intramural' telephone system.

Dwenger Hall forms a befitting addition to the ever-increasing pile of buildings on the College grounds. Its pleasing exterior and castle-like massiveness single it out among the other structures and immediately attract the eye of the visitor.

Named in honor of the late Bishop Joseph Dwenger of Ft. Wayne, it will serve to keep his memory fresh in the minds of the students and visitors to the College, and stand as a perpetual acknowledgment of the noble efforts he made in behalf of Catholic Education, and especially in the founding of our own dear Alma Mater.



## Athletics.

THE Athletic Association held its first meeting on Jan. 5, for the semi-annual election for the offices of President, Secretary and Treasurer. The result of the vote declared in favor of J. M. Boland, D. L. Faurot and H. E. Berghoff for these respective positions. A week later the nominees for the Board of Appropriations were ballotted upon, and when all returns were in, it was found that the following were chosen to constitute it: T. J. Quinlan, R. F. Donnelly, R. V. Williams, W. A. Hanley, G. A. Hasser and J. B. Vurpillat. With this efficient corps of officers, the Association bids fair to rival its former successes and to continue on its prosperous course.

The whir and flurry of the basket ball artists is now about the only sound to be heard in the "gym," and new luminaries are constantly rising to fame. The Representative team, although not having as extensive a schedule as the Manager had booked, has done some excellent work since their organization. The team has developed wonder-

fully since the holidays, and it is only to be regretted that we cannot schedule games with some of the top-notchers. The vacancy occasioned by the withdrawal of Mr. Louis Nageleisen, our old stand-by forward, from the team, on account of disablement, has been filled by Mr. Chas. Scholl.

On Dec. 14th, the High School team from Monticello won over us in a well fought battle by the score of 33—18. Capt. Stockton, the giant center of Monticello, played the stellar role for the latter, while Pfeffer was the best of the S. J. C. quintet.

We were again obliged to bow to Monticello on the 18th at the later place to the tune of 31—15. The game was replete with fouls and closely resembled a gridiron affray. Monticello seemed a little chagrined at the sturdy resistance made by the "Varsity," whom they had anticipated defeating by an enormous score. Nageleisen did the most consistent work, both offensive and defensive, and held down the Monticello captain with much effect.

Three games with Rensselaer High School added as many victories to our belt. On Feb. 15, we landed one of the three contests at the Armory in Rensselaer by the score of 33—31. Capt. Hasser of the "Varsity"—played like a flash and easily outclassed his opponent. Besinger and Vurpillat did excellent work at guard and proved stumbling blocks to the Rensselaer forwards.

#### SCORE:

R. H. S.		S. J. C.
Woodworth (capt.)	L. F.	Pfeffer
Duvall	R. F.	Dowling
Meiers }	C.	Hasser (capt.)
Gowland }		
Long	L. G.	Vurpillat
Huxford	R. G.	Besinger

R. H. S. Field Goals—Woodworth 11, Duvall 1, Meiers 1. Free Throws—Woodworth 4, Duvall 1.

S. J. C. Field Goals—Hasser 5, Dowling 3, Pfeffer 3, Besinger 4. Free Throws—Besinger 3.

Referee—Williams. Umpire—Dean.



The day that makes 1908 a leap year, saw the "Varsity" run up the largest score of the season, the victims this time being the High School team of Goodland. The final addition of the score-keeper amounted to 114—10, the "Varsity" being credited with the three figure sum. Pfeffer and Dowling scored at will, while the Goodland forwards were helpless in the hands of our brisk little guards.

# SCORE:

## GOODLAND.

Rich

R. F.

Smith

L. F.

Hecox

C.

LeMaster

R. G.

Conway

L. G.

## S. J. C.

Dowling

Pfeffer

Hasser

Besinger

Vupillat

Goodland. Field Goals—Rich 2, Smith 3.

S. J. C. Field Goals—Dowling 22, Pfeffer 18, Hasser 6, Besinger 5, Vurpillat 4. Foul Goals—Besinger 4.

Referee—Williams. Umpire—Philips.

The announcement that a series of games was to be played between the various class fives renewed the waning ardor of the teams and caused a general reconstruction. Intense interest has been evinced up to this writing and the "never-say-die" spirit has been the constant one of each class. However, since all cannot wear the laurel, some have shown higher class than others. The two teams playing the most consistent ball to date are the II. Commercial and I. Academics, neither of which have been defeated. Their meeting is looked forward to with growing interest and a royal struggle will no doubt take place. The Freshmen, III. Commercial, II. Academics and Normals are still in the race; and their contests never fail to awaken the enthusiasm of their minions. Mgr. Williams intends to continue the contest until the latter part of the month, when the merits and demerits of the different contestants may be the better judged and when the best team shall have proven itself.

NORMALS: Capt. L. Heckman, Mgr. A. Hoffman, J. Dahlinghaus, H. Buesher, P. Froning, F. Notheis, M. Coughlin.



II. COMMERCIALS: Capt. Leander Vurpillat, Mgr. P. Mc Fall, M. Pauley, J. Frohlich, O. Birkmeier, T. Mes-temaker, T. Barrett.

I. ACADEMICS: Capt. R. Williams, Mgr. C. Reed, D. Moran, L. McGurren, J. Kraft, C. Schwartz.

III. COMMERCIALS: Capt. E. McSweeny, Mgr. H. Schmal, H. Berghoff, J. Bennet, R. Stahlkamp and G. Lang.

FRESHMEN: Capt. J. Nageleisen, Mgr. B. Voors, F. Seifert, G. Berghoff, O. Muehlenbrink, C. Leary.

II. ACADEMICS: Capt. A. Link, Mgr. R. Carmody, W. Franze, R. Steffel, L. Walker.

The Minims likewise have been up and doing, and a three team league has been inaugurated among them. Their enthusiasm is never lagging, and they are in the game from start to finish. "Out of respect for ancient custom," several games have been played by these sprightly little chaps with their Rensselaer neighbors, and have easily "given them the hook." The most memorable game was played on January 8, when the Minims piled up a score of 104—2 against the Rensselaer aggregation. The league lines up with the following:

CARDINALS: Capt. L. Dufrane, Mgr. A. Kistner, P. Herman, C. Grathwohl and J. Eason.

IMPERIALS: Capt. G. Bertha, Mgr. F. Coffield, C. Cassidy, J. Noonan, F. Marcotte.

BLUE BELLS: Capt. G. Paradis, Mgr. J. Berghoff, L. Horn, G. Steppe, and E. Symanzski.



## Localisms.

Gentle Reader:—I rather suppose you are all having the blues about this time, after such a siege of snow and rain. It seems as if things are getting worse and worse every year. Things are all beginning to go so peculiar that I scarcely know what to look for next.

I hope you are not so pestered with a pertinent few who are always advocating smiles and sunshine. It seems ridiculous for anyone to believe that you can make things better by wearing a smile and playing the hypocrite. Outspoken and frank men for mine. What is the use of putting on? If things are wrong they are wrong, and that is the end of it. If you feel put out you are out, and what is the use of people trying to ascribe it to imagination.

Such a pest as these people are! It almost makes me feel like going into my room and staying there. Such nonsense! Sociability, laughter, sunshine, mirth! Such tonics for real evils!

Since such things *must* be endured, I suppose it is best to endure them and make the best of it. There is after all something mysteriously gratifying in silence. Then welcome gloom, welcome sadness, solitude, all hail! I will wrap myself in my raven cloak and flout this black world alone.—“Ha! ha!”—What’s that? a laugh? Who dares to break upon my solitude? Hie thee, thou jest! Away! Begone! The wings of furies pursue thee and break thy hollow head! Who dares laugh upon my misery!

And now, my fellow mortals, if you have griefs, tell them to the moon or some one else; at least do not intrude upon my solitude, but leave me forever.

Yours sophisticated

Editor-in-Chief.

George—I was just over to see about my sore neck and Brother put on some carbuncle acid.

Cyrus—*Aegyptii mortuos condiebant.*—The Egyptians pickled their dead.

Walker—*Veteres ante cenam laverunt.*—The ancients washed every hundred years.

Ben—The water fell in torments.

(Well-wisher)—Say, Mac, it is being noised about that you ought to control your temper.

Mac—I do control my temper: who dares say I don't!

*Tum Mucius ait trecentos adversus eum sui similes conjurasse.* Translation: Then Mucius said that they swore three hundred oaths against him.

Antony was declared the enemy of the country. Translation: *Antonius inimicus ruris declaratus est.*

An interesting article is soon to be published by Dr. Fred Schaper. The object of the article is to explain and extol the advantages of early rising. The doctor had the misfortune of oversleeping on the morning of Mar. 6, and was aroused by a phenomenon very similar in effects to an earthquake, for it overturned the doctor's bed, and sad to say, it awoke him.

Prefect:—"Boys, it is rather warm in this room; the thermometer shows 85 degrees; if it were a summer day with that temperature you would walk in the shade." But we were in the shade after all, for we were expecting a free day just then and—we were disappointed.

Loquacious fellow: Say, Ritz, what does 'Sic me servavit Apollo' mean?

Ritz: Why, that means that often I become so sick that I could make a polo-club serve a good purpose in getting a rag-chewer hot at me.



And now let the poets have a chance. They are dear fellows, and deserve our sympathy and encouragement.

### WISHING.

Wish't I was as rich and happy  
 As I one day thought I wuz,  
 I would buy some cards for Charley  
 And a "tailor's goose" for Buz;  
 Some new postal cards for Heckman  
 And a book to put them in;  
 Some new jokes for Soc to babble,  
 And some bran' new imps for Tim;  
 Albert, candy; Jack, some patience  
 That would suit to Louis' tease;  
 Some new "butt in" cards for Michael,  
 And for Hank some "Latin ease."

### THE NINTH OF MAY.

'Twas a fine day on the ninth of May  
 And mother sent Johnny to school that day.  
 The birdies in the trees singing so fair  
 Moved Johnny's little heart as he passed them there.  
 Over the fence in yon little pond,  
 Many little frogies were calling so long;  
 Straightway hither went Johnny so gay,  
 Little thinking that the frogies could lead him astray.  
 Splash, splash! how the silvery waters clashed  
 As the little frogies popt in so fast.  
 Down slipt Johnny in the mud all gray;  
 "Gee! no school for me on the ninth of May."  
 T. K.

### 'THE RALEIGH JOLLY SMOKERS'.

We're the Raleigh Jolly Smokers,	Our kingdom is a parlor,
As happy as can be;	Our king the smokers' clown;
We wield the pipes and matches	His sceptre is the "Sweetheart,"
With princely dignity.	A "Corncob" is his crown.
There's "Durham," "Dukes" and	Our friendship is so worthy,
"May Queen,"	That it you should procure:
All bowing to our pipes;	'Tis easily done by buying,
There's "Searchlight" and the	Some "fifty" or some more.
"Blue-top,"	
They serve us as our lights.	J. A. D.